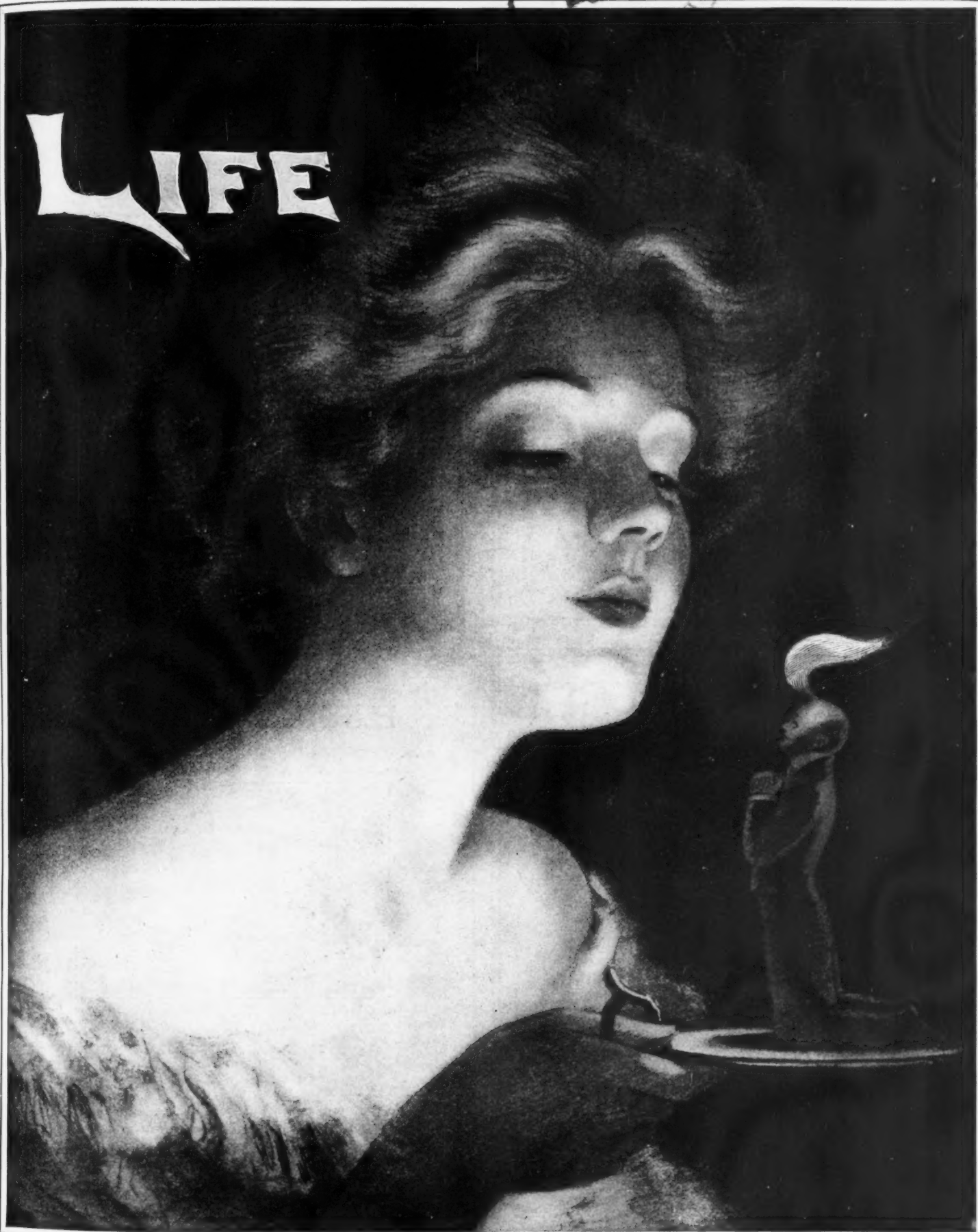


# LIFE



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## Have You Been There?

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# LIFE



THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS

## The Nervous Child

("Americanus Sum.")

HE harried the household cat,  
He worried and whipped the dog.  
He sat on his auntie's hat,  
He caught and he killed a frog,  
He lamed with a sizable stone  
The best of his uncle's chickens,  
He broke the bed, and it may be said  
With truth, that he raised the dickens—  
Till grandmother raised her eyes, she did,  
And murmured, "The Lord preserve us!"  
But mother remarked, as she kissed the  
kid:  
"The poor little dear is nervous."

He fidgeted, sulked and fussed—  
So dainty about his meat,  
He screamed that his mother must  
Have something a fellow could eat.  
He answered his auntie back,  
He snapped at his uncle, too,

He tortured and teased and did as he  
pleased  
And not what they wished he'd do.  
Till grandmother raised her eyes, she did,  
And murmured, "The Lord preserve us!"  
But mother remarked, as she kissed the  
kid:

"The poor little dear is nervous."

Denis A. McCarthy.

## Man

NO animal but man  
Destroys life for fun,  
Eats to pass the time,  
Talks without saying anything, and says  
nothing without talking,  
Makes reason a pretext for disobeying  
his instincts,  
Pleads conscience for his cowardice,  
Perplexes himself with problems of sex,  
self and sufficiency,  
Avoids dying as the fool dieth only be-  
cause his manner of life is such that  
his dying on any terms is the part of  
wisdom.

R. B.



THE "LATE" JOHN SMITH





"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LII OCTOBER 29, 1908 No. 1357

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THERE never was such a campaign; never one so dull in its progress, and attended at its conclusion by voters so bored and reluctant. Hereabouts they have registered in fair quantities, and they will vote, but those who have come under our observation are in a humor the like of which we do not recall in any Presidential year.

Rarely do we meet a man who expresses anything like enthusiasm about voting for Taft. Almost everyone is willing to concede his merits; hardly anyone says anything against him; nobody dislikes him; plenty of votes are going to be cast for him, but crazy about him, nobody seems to be. It is curious; so excellent a man! But he was not the choice—not the wooed and won—of the Republican party, but a spouse selected by its master, and he is running in a hard times year as the candidate of the party that hard times overtook. Most of the Republican voters will vote for him, for they respect him and want him, but they will not holler. A great many Democrats hereabouts will vote for him, not because they want to, but because they cannot bring themselves to vote for Bryan. These Democrats—all Democrats this year—want to fire the Republican party out of office. They yearn ardently to do it. They are tired of the Republican party, and tired to death of voting for its nominees. They hate its alliance with high-protection and favored interests; hate its assumption that it is the only squad of citizens in the country who are fit to govern the

country. They yearn inexpressibly to put the Republican party out, but they don't dare vote to put Bryan in. So there is nothing these Democrats can do that is going to give them satisfaction. Most of them will go and vote for Taft because that is sensible, but they will do it sadly.

Then, there is a large group of Republicans who hate Roosevelt and all his works with such violence of animosity, that it is going to be just as much as they can do to drag themselves to the polls and vote for Roosevelt's candidate, and there is another big group who are profound admirers of Roosevelt, and only wish he had been more so, and had purged the party with more drastic vehemence than he has; and this group will vote with some dejection for Taft because they know he will not be any such thundering bolus as his predecessor. And there are Republican tariff-reformers who know that they will not get tariff reform enough, and stand-patters who know that they will get too much. They will all vote for Taft, but none of them will do it with enthusiasm.



THERE are a good many Democrats in the country who wanted Bryan and have got him, but there are not many of them around here. Democrats hereabouts who vote for him will do it either because they are professional Democrats, or because they are tired of having nothing but Republicans run the Government. The best of them know Bryan is unfit to be President, but they are so ashamed and distressed over the decadence of their own party as to be ready to vote it into office in the hope that the responsibilities of power will develop men fit to shoulder them; and so, no doubt, it would in time. But though Democrats of this stamp will vote for Bryan, they will do it with anxiety and reluctance, and not without consciousness that they will be easily consoled if the other man wins. For that matter, thousands of voters on both sides are ready to be consoled if the other man

wins. The *Sun*, for instance, is supporting Taft, but has tanks of ghoulish glee in its cellar to use in case the Roosevelt candidate is beaten. And who the Standard Oil people would rather have win, Heaven knows.



THE Independent Democrat who has consoled himself for his purpose to vote for Hughes by the assertion that to elect Hughes is the way to do the Republican party the most harm, is a fair example in his state of mind of a large proportion of this year's voters. They are voting, not for something they want, but to beat something that they dislike a little more than what they are voting for. Independent voters with Democratic leanings in this State enquire anxiously why they should vote for Chanler. If they can find reasons they want to do it, but the present Democratic machine fills them with disgust, and how much else than that Chanler stands for the Independent voter does not know.

Hughes is able, and has stood up handsomely to the Republican bosses. They and theirs will vote for him (if they do) with the sort of doggedness that belongs to captured mariners whom the pirate captain has invited to walk the plank. Hughes, however, will get a good many enthusiastic votes, from folks whose hearts warm to moral reform, and Chanler will get some tens of thousands of hearty ones from folks whom moral reform has hurt, and who want to express their feelings.

So there will be some eager voters of the State ticket here in New York, and plenty of them in matters of local concern in many other places, but so much lassitude about the Presidential tickets has not been seen before for a century.

In the matter of principles there is hardly a penny to choose between the parties. As between the men the Republicans have by far the better candidate, but their party needs the discipline of defeat, whereas the Democrats sorely need for the very country's sake the discipline of responsibility and power.



## October





### Sweetness and Light Literature

LONDON, Oct. 1.—Eighteen miles of typewritten matter, it appears, have found their way to Mr. Fisher-Unwin's office in response to his announcement that he would give a hundred-guinea prize for the best first novel he received. From among these eighteen typewritten miles the judges have chosen a rod or two entitled "The Woman and the Sword," to which they have awarded the prize. This book will be published immediately.—N. Y. Times.

**E**IGHTEEN miles of manuscript!  
Ninety thousand feet!  
Fifty million winged words  
Typed so very neat!

Here's a lot of literature,  
Here's a fiction fest;  
God help those who had to wade  
Through to pick the best!

Culture's looking up a bit  
In the British Isles,  
Everybody's writing books  
In a hundred styles.

Mother's in the parlor  
Imitating France;  
Daughter's in her chamber  
Weeping a romance.

*Plain Citizen: AND IT'S ALL FOR ME!*

Father's in his counting house  
Counting up his words;  
Son has filled his fountain pen  
For Little White Birds.

And Maggie's in the kitchen  
Getting rather lardy  
Mixing up the dinner and  
The prose of Thomas Hardy.

Hail to Matthew Arnold,  
To sweetness and to light!  
For all the British Philistines  
At last have learned to write!

But how are we as well to get  
Some culture on the run?  
The men who called these novels forth  
Will publish only one.

**T**HE PROFESSOR: Heavens! This was the day I was to have been married. What will she think of me?

ASSISTANT: You were married. Don't you remember? The ceremony took place at noon.

"Ah, yes, to be sure. I recall now my annoyance at losing an hour."



### THE "LEADING HEAVY"

"WHAT'S THE MATTER NOW?"

"WE'RE PLAYIN' CIRCUS PARADE—AN' WILLIE'S A-BEIN' THE ELEPHANT AN' THE LION AN' THE HIPPO'TAMUS AN' THE CALLY-OPE, AN' IT AIN'T FAIR!"



### We Disparage the Unknown



**F**AMILIARITY breeds more things than contempt. It breeds understanding, and sometimes indulgence and even charity. Our impressions of people whom we seldom see are very apt to go wrong. If they are hostile impressions they are especially apt to become intensified for lack of the modifications that would come from occasional contact and exchange of talk.

So the existing propensity to paint New York Society as inordinately wicked, futile, extravagant, rampageous and miscellaneous detestable, is in great measure the result of the inability or neglect of the painters to get into human touch with their subject.

Get a big net and scoop up fifty people out of the Four Hundred, and then scoop up another fifty out of any other odd lot of people that are found anywhere at large, and the human likeness between the two scoops will be found to be very strong. Manners, clothes, incomes and habits will differ a great deal more than morals, dispositions or desires.

The circumstances of New York's rich society are very exceptional, but the people, aside from their circumstances, are not exceptional either in their merit or their vice, their wisdom or their folly. Their humanity is dipped up out of the common stock, and that is recognized by observers who are in touch with them. The monsters that Upton Sinclair and Joe Medill Patterson depict, can just as easily be found in almost any other social group. No matter how good a drop of water you put under the microscope, the bugs in it look horrible, and the bugs in one drop are much like those in another. We simple people read Joe's and Upton's books (if we do) and sigh gratefully to think we are not like those Awful Creatures in rich New York! But the truth is that other people, are very much like them, and that they are very much like us.

### Unanimous

**UNCLE SILAS:** The trouble is, Foraker was workin' for the Standard Oil.

**UNCLE JOSH:** Ain't we all workin' for the Standard Oil?

### Grandson Forbes of Boston

**W.** CAMERON FORBES, Vice-Governor of the Philippines, and grandson of Ralph Waldo Emerson, has been home to Boston, where the Merchants' Association gave a dinner in his honor. In view of the things said about him at that repast and of other things printed about him in the Boston papers, we look to hear of Mr. Forbes being asked to lend himself for use as a dirigible balloon in the aeronautical experiments now so popular. If he is not puffed up to the floating point, he is either incorrigibly modest, or else he leaks.

### The Sight of the Poor



**H**ERE can be no doubt that the sight of the poor is extremely unpleasant. Their countenances are often melancholy, and they show annoying signs of being poorly nourished.

On the other hand, they flock mostly by themselves, in remote districts that we don't have to pass through when we go out to luncheon. They furnish many admirable and dramatic stories, some of them possibly too sensational, but on the whole, sufficiently amusing to help us pass away an agreeable half hour. The fact that they present sharp contrasts must also be considered, as one of our chief pleasures is the thought that so many others are worse off than we are, and it may be turned into a source of solace to reflect that there are so many of them still on earth. All this is consoling. The main question is, however, Should we be willing to relinquish the satisfaction which the sight of the poor affords, in order that their number may be sensibly reduced? We mean, naturally, no drastic methods. We would not do away with them all at once. This, we can easily conceive, might even be more disastrous than a sweeping tariff reduction. No, no! but it is a grave question, and one worthy of our most advanced moralists, whether a slight diminution of the number of the poor might be made from time to time with good results.

**SHE:** You make love like an amateur.  
**HE:** That's where the art comes in.

### Alcohol and Abstinence

**J**OHN BARLEYCORN seems to be getting some hard blows. Doctor August Forel declares in a book just out, that alcohol is responsible for what he terms the present degenerate state of society. And Doctor Henry Smith Williams, in an article in *McClure's Magazine*, has a convincing argument which every "moderate drinker" will find small comfort in perusing. The doubtful value of experiments is well known, and statistics are fully as likely to create false impressions. At the same time, Doctor Williams appears to have proved his case as far as type and ink and paper can do it.

The truth is, that the sowing of wild oats is usually done at the wrong end of a man's life. Just at the time when he needs to garner up his forces, and when he is most susceptible to the various poisons, which under one guise or another, are presented to him in exchange for "having fun," is when it is extremely bad "business"—to use an American phrase—for him to pay heed to the sirens.

In reality the sowing of wild oats ought to be reserved for the last ten years of a man's life. He can then be a dead game sport with impunity. He has already done his duty by society. His normal life has left him in good condition. Morality is relative, and of no earthly use after eighty, except as a basis for magazine articles. He will easily live to be eighty, of course, because he has never done anything to shorten his life.

Think of looking forward to a final decade of whooping it up, with no responsibilities! Think of the skillful and artistic manner in which it could be done, after a lifetime of observation and experience! Such a pyrotechnic windup ought to be well worth waiting for.

This plan is recommended to Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Rockefeller and others, who would be so much occupied with being naughty, that they would have no more time to be good!



### BACTERIOLOGIST (to his young son):

You have been very naughty.

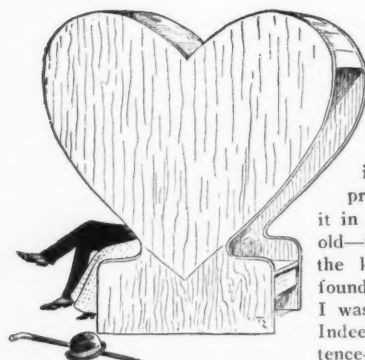
"Please, papa—"

"Say no more. You sit down and count all the germs on that pinhead, and separate them into their classes, even if it takes a month!"

**W**HEN a woman is kissed against her will, she is a receiver of stolen goods.



## He Was Mistaken



"REALLY," he said, "I am laboring under no considerable embarrassment."

She inclined her head gravely. "May I inquire the cause?" she asked.

"Yes. You see, I am really in love with you. I would like to propose, you know, but I cannot do it in any way that does not seem too old—too trite. I have thought of all the known ways, and have actually found myself laughing at myself. Yet I was never more serious in my life. Indeed, I may say that my whole existence—Ah! there I go again."

"It is hard," she murmured sympathetically.

"The most difficult situation I was ever confronted with. If I didn't love you so much, you see, why of course it wouldn't matter. But I do! Life without you is an empty waste, a desert of Sahara, an aching void—Here I am once more!"

"I believe I have heard those words," she observed sweetly.

"Of course. Every one has. You see my difficulty. I simply must express myself. Why, my heart is so full of love that I can no longer remain silent. Your eyes follow me everywhere. Your lovely and entrancing form haunts me in my dreams. Oh, my dear—Hang it all, I simply can't help it."

She looked at him bewitchingly.

"Don't," she whispered. "I can stand it. Tell me that I am the apple of your eye. Call me darling and pet and lovey dovey. Say that from the moment you first looked into my eyes, you loved me with an all enduring love, a passion that burns and sizzles and melts. Tell me that Heaven lies in my smile, that all other girls are as nothing, that you think only of me night and day, that I am your honey and sweetheart and you couldn't live a moment without me. Say that my presence haunts you, that your love grows stronger every moment, that nothing shall ever part us, shall it, my darling? that you tremble when you think of how much you love me, and that the azure depths of my eyes contain all Heaven for you. It may be as old as the hills, but I like it. I have heard it all before, but it suits me. I know I'll never get tired of it."

He clasped her fiercely in his strong arms.

"Do you really mean that?" he whispered. "Isn't it, honestly, too old?"

She smiled again, dreamily.

"Too old!" she murmured. "Why, don't you know that it is the only new thing in all the world?"

## Plenty of Him

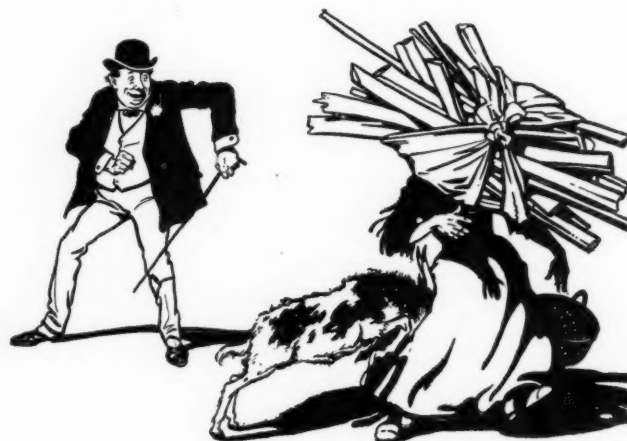
THE head of a certain foreign government is a large and portly man—if he were not a man of such prominence and importance he might be called fat. Last summer some tourists were barred off a certain boulevard by the soldiers who were there to keep the way clear for the passage of the state cavalcade.

"Why won't they let us go down that street?" asked a pert miss in the party.

"They're afraid we'll throw a bomb at the state carriage and blow up its passenger," explained a companion.

"Umph! He's so fat that if you blew him up there'd be plenty left."

## Butting In







### Privacy.

**T**O very many people, privacy is a sweet and precious condition, not to be forfeited without pangs. Such people, if they give it up, do so only under strong pressure of need, ambition or duty, and even then spare no more of it than their need or their purpose compels.

English dwellings, with high walls around their adjacent gardens, attest the prevalence in that island of the idea that it is a luxury to live out of sight of the passing crowd. In our land the outward evidences of that feeling have never been so noticeable, but even we have window shades and blinds and front doors, and provide for seclusion when we want it. How much of it we want, and how much we want it, is partly a matter of individual training and temperament, but largely of the manners and customs of the society we live in. Sometimes it seems as if the minimum of privacy was enough for us Americans, especially in the cities. It is true that, in spite of the current popularity of Japanese example, we still shut the door when we take a bath, but in the street cars we are wonderfully jumbled up together, and rather a large proportion of our city population lives in hotels.

Both of these phenomena, however, betoken with more certainty what we get than what we want. And it is true that most people who can afford to have their choice prefer cabs to the street cars, and their own houses to hotels. Along with increased command of money there seems to come increasing appreciation of privacy. The larger our incomes are, and the more we can indulge ourselves, the more we tend to so much of exclusiveness as consists in shutting out the crowd. Perhaps the English have been more private in their dwellings

than the Americans because, being richer, they could better afford to be. Perhaps the Americans will come to shut themselves in more as they are better able to afford it.

Most luxuries are helpful and useful up to a certain point, and hurtful beyond it. No doubt it is so as to this luxury of privacy. One may grow better for having enough of it, and be stunted in development by being able to command too much.

### A New Being

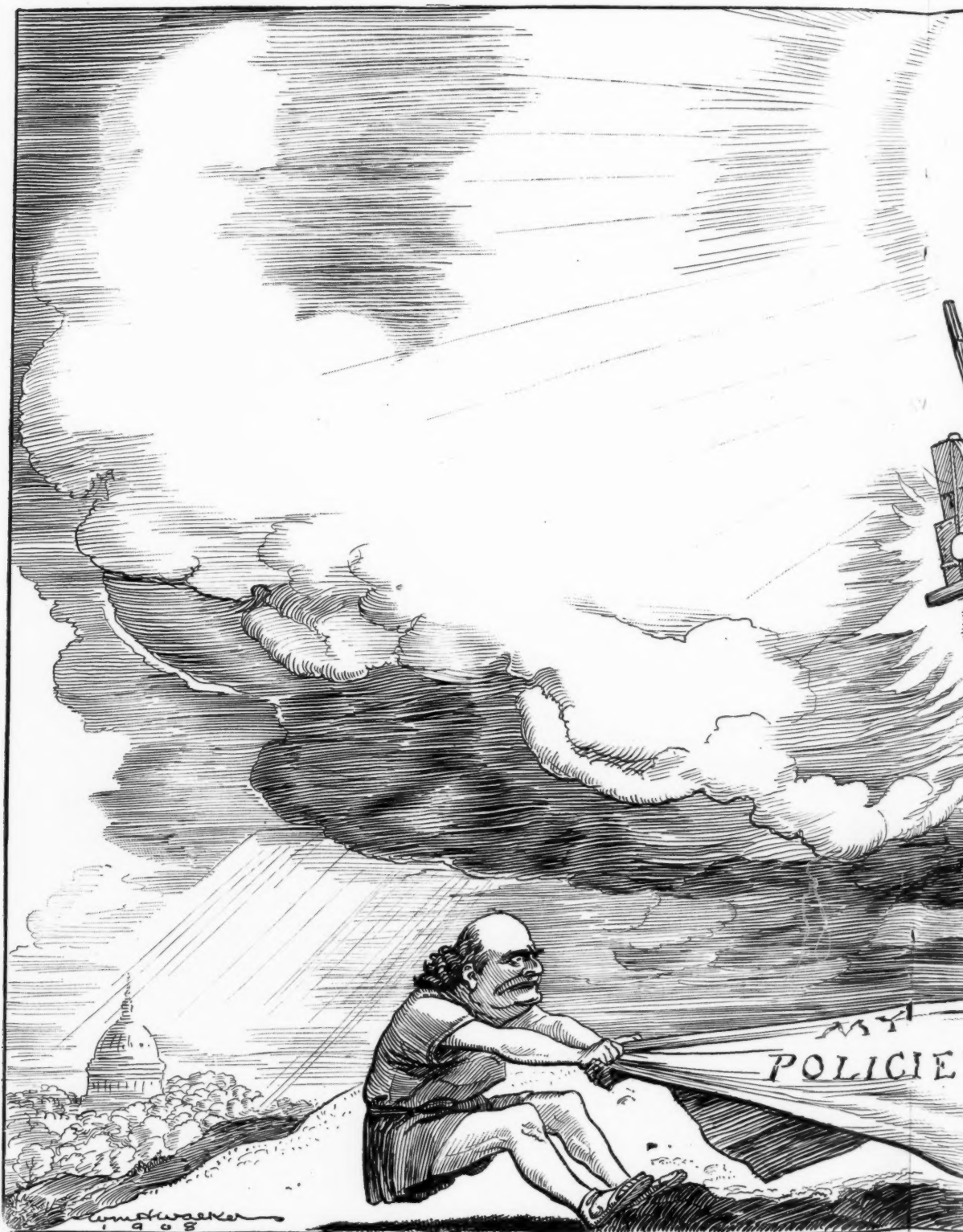
**H**AS anyone noticed the universal habit that chauffeurs have of sliding back in the seat, so that their heads are on a level with their knees? As the number of chauffeurs is constantly increasing, and as they are all set in this manner, in a few generations a new being will result; one who will have rudiments of legs (souvenirs of the past), and who will have to be lifted in and out of his car with pulleys, or some new portable device invented for the purpose, and attached to the engine.

This creature (*chauffeurus gasolinus*) will become valued according to points. If his back describes a true parabolic curve, his head is bent forward at an angle of 45 degrees, his chin rests on his clavicle, and his right arm is hung at such an angle that he can move the gears without raising his eyelids, he will be of the thoroughbred type, accompanied by a framed pedigree in three colors.



DESIGN FOR A HALL LAMP IN BACHELORS' APARTMENT HOUSE

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TWO ELISHAS

HE TOOK UP ALSO THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH THAT FELL



TWO ELISHAS

ELIJAH THAT FELL FROM HIM.—II Kings, ch. II, XIII





### From the Bowery to the Café de Paris

**L**IKE many other comedians, Mr. Louis Mann wants to have himself taken seriously. This is a mystery of the actor temperament. Just why an artist who has the power of bringing smiles and laughter to his tired, bored and sad fellow creatures should wish to exchange that gift for the more commonplace one of making them more tired, more bored and more sad, it is not easy to explain. It is open to question whether the comedian is not quite as valuable to the human race as the tragedian. It might make a pretty subject of discussion to determine whether a Jefferson wasn't of as much account to himself and his kind as a Booth or a Salvini. Certain it is that a good laugh-maker is more to be desired on the stage than a mediocre tear-compeller. To stir the serious and deeper emotions may seem a greater accomplishment, but it is no finer art than the high comedy that appeals to our wits as well as our risibles, and gains its object without recourse to the methods of the clown and buffoon.

Safely to make the transit from the level of Weber-and-Fieldsian fun to the higher plane of humor and pathos, where Mr. David Warfield has landed, is not often possible to an actor. Mr. Mann has attempted it in a curious play of lower East-Side life, called "The Man Who Stood Still." It cannot be said that in the present instance he has proven that he is a better emotional actor than character comedian. To be sure, he was handicapped by a pretty bad play, and in one or two passionate outbursts demonstrated that he has dramatic power sufficient to stir his audience. In the serious and would-be pathetic passages, however, Mr. Mann lacked the finish and delicacy that should go with the higher types of artistry, and his most telling effects were produced by the laughter-provoking methods with which his name is associated.

It is possible that Mr. Mann might become a heavy tragedian of the sledge-hammer school. His work as *John Krauss*, the Bowery jeweler, goes to show that he is not equipped in personality and training for the serious or pathetic. He has already successfully shown that he is an excellent character comedian.

One might very much enjoy the singing of Miss Grace Van Studdiford if one did not have to look at her when she sings, and one can very much enjoy looking at the lady when she is not singing, for she is of goodly proportions and comely in face and form. But when in the act of emitting delightful sounds from her mouth she so distorts that organ and all her other facial features that the pain of looking at her sadly interferes with the pleasure of hearing her. Nevertheless, Miss Van Studdiford is that rare creature, a comic opera prima donna who can really sing, and while she is doing it every one has the privilege of looking the other way. The music of "The Golden Butterfly" is in Mr. De Koven's mid-

dle register, neither very good nor very bad, and has several agreeable numbers. Mr. Smith's book is written in his journeyman vein, and his wit and humor do not soar above the sadly serio-comic (accent on the serio, please) abilities of Mr. Louis Harrison. But there are a number of good voices in the company, the chorus is large and well trained, the scenery and costumes are of the customary gorgeousness, the lights are highly brilliant, and what more can one wish of comic opera?

"The Golden Butterfly" is like dozens of other comic operas, pleasant, but not prodigious. It passes the time between dinner and supper agreeably.

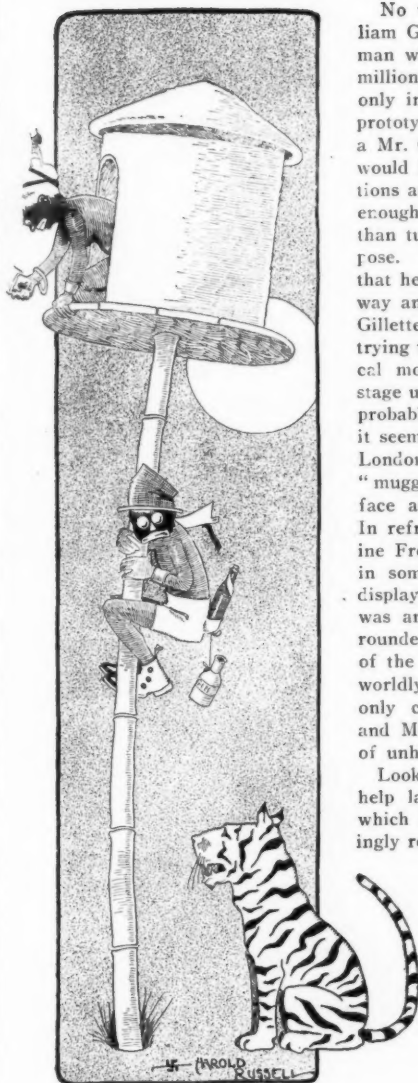
In one of the countless fairy tales Mr. Thomas W. Lawson has given to the public—this one was called "Friday, the Thirteenth," and was published in book form—he sought to establish as a fact that any operator could make or break a market by unlimited buying or selling. M. Bernstein uses the same technicality as the basis of his play, "Samson," only it goes on off the stage and gets whatever dramatic value it may possess from the fact that the hero is doing the selling through his brokers while he has locked himself in a room with the villain who is loaded up with the stock and who has besmirched the hero's wife. Incidentally, the self-made hero breaks himself, but as this proves to his wife that his motives were entirely disinterested, it permits the curtain to go down on a happy ending, with her arms about his neck.

The key-note of "Samson" is falseness. Every one in the play is false to every one else, and the whole play is false to human nature. It is even false in its facts and premises, and



"WHERE WE SAT SIDE BY SIDE"





THE LADY OR THE TIGER?

every one in the audience who was familiar with speculation was trying to figure how a man who sold himself short of the market could go broke when he had forced prices down to the panic level. The heroine's mother was false to her daughter, who, in turn, was false to her husband, and he was false to those who had trusted him. To get scenes and effects the author was false to anything we know of the logic of the human emotions, and the whole result was a drama which played with our intelligences, and gained its interest through a curiosity held by unfair means.

No wonder that in these surroundings Mr. William Gillette was forced to go for his picture of a man who had raised himself from longshoreman to millionaire to some original such as could be found only in the neurotic ward of a hospital. His true prototype would have been Mr. Fingie Conners, and a Mr. Conners, whether French, Irish or American, would have stopped his gum-chewing facial contortions and other motions in the St. Vitus school long enough to make short work of the villain, rather than turn a stock-market upside down for the purpose. The ex-longshoreman showed the audience that he could man-handle his enemy and that is the way an ex-longshoreman would have done it. Mr. Gillette made his first audience guess what he was trying to depict by the most remarkable set of physical movements ever perpetrated on a New York stage under the name of acting, and that audience is probably still guessing. LIFE gives it up. At times it seemed as though Constance Collier, an imported London actress, was trying to outdo Mr. Gillette in "mugging," but finally she got tired, and let her face assume a natural, English, deadly heaviness. In refreshing contrast was the naturalness of Pauline Frederick, who was striking in personal beauty, in some remarkable gowns and in an unexpected display of dramatic strength. Mr. George Probert was an admirable example of a young Tenderloin rounder with a French name, and the reliable work of the play was done by Marie Wainwright, as the worldly mother, Mr. Frederic de Belleville, as the only credible Frenchman in this French drama, and Mr. Arthur Byron, as the very facile wrecker of unhappy homes.

Looking back on "Samson" as a play one cannot help laughing at its absurdities, not the least of which is the detailed account of what is shudderingly referred to throughout the piece as an "orgy," in which the wife participated. Over here we should call that "orgy" a mixed-ale party, even if it did occur in the expensive Café de Paris. M. Bernstein's play, with Mr. Gillette's acting, comes pretty near being farce instead of drama, as it is termed on the programme.

Metcalf.

### LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES

**Academy of Music**—Last week of Mr. Denman Thompson's engagement in that New England classic, "The Old Homestead."

**Astor**—"The Man from Home." Mr. Booth Tarkington demonstrates how a simple Indiana lawyer puts it all over the titled vilyuns of Europe.

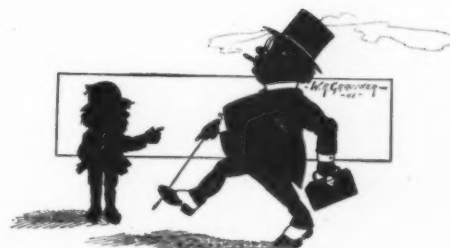
**Belasco**—Mr. George Arliss's distinctive work in the title role of Molnar's "The Devil."

**Bijou**—"A Gentleman from Mississippi." Senatorial corruption turned to laughable service by Mr. Tom Wise, Mr. Douglass Fairbanks and a good company.

**Broadway**—"The Golden Butterfly," with Miss Grace Van Studdiford as the star. See opposite.

**Casino**—"Marcelle," with Miss Louise Gunning as the star. Operetta of considerably more merit than the usual comic opera.

**Criterion**—Mr. William Gillette in "Samson." See opposite.



Boy: GIMME DAT CIGAR, DOCTOR?

Doctor: NO, SONNY; IT WOULD MAKE YOU SICK, AND YOUR FATHER OWES ME A BILL NOW.

**Circle**—Mr. Louis Mann in "The Man Who Stood Still." See opposite.

**Daly's**—Last week of Miss Maxine Elliott, in "Myself—Bettina." Miss Elliott's statuesque beauty in a poor dramatic setting.

**Empire**—Mr. John Drew and excellent cast in "Jack Straw." Light and polite comedy agreeably interpreted.

**Garden**—Mr. Edwin Stevens and the Savage company in Molnar's "The Devil." An interesting contrast to the Fiske version.

**Garrick**—Mr. H. H. Davies's charming satirical comedy, "The Mollusc," preceded by Miss May Irwin in Mrs. Peckham's carouse.

**Herald Square**—"Three Twins." Enjoyable musical farce.

**Hippodrome**—All sorts of wonderful things in the way of spectacle, ballet and circus.

**Hudson**—Mr. Edgar Selwyn in "Pierre of the Plains." Powerful and well acted drama of life in the Canadian Northwest.

**Lyric**—Miss Lulu Glaser, in "Mlle. Mischief." Light music and considerable fun.

**Majestic**—Miss Jessie Bonstelle in "The Great Question." Notice later.

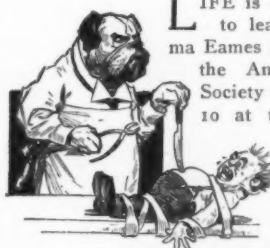
**Savoy**—"The Servant in the House." Mr. C. R. Kennedy's interesting religio-socialistic allegory.

**Stuyvesant**—Miss Blanche Bates, in "The Fighting Hope." Drama of current events well presented.

**Weber's**—"Paid in Full." Contemporary life in admirable dramatic form and very well acted.

### Viva!

LIFE is not surprised to learn that Emma Eames is to sing for the Anti-Vivisection Society on November 10 at the Waldorf-Astoria.



Madame Eames has always been a good friend to

animals. And the animals surely need friends in these days of promiscuous vivisection. All advocates of humanity and common sense should keep their weather eyes open—also their purses.

"With the recent discoveries concerning electricity and the X-rays an entirely new science has been born. To promote knowledge now it is not necessary to resort to vivisection."—Dr. Foveau de Courmelles, Paris, March, 1908.

## A Scare

WHEN it became known that a lady and two children had been severely bitten by an enormous Bullnose pepper, the utmost consternation prevailed, especially in consideration of its still being dog-days.

The authorities, however, kept their heads admirably, and due measures were promptly taken. The pepper was sent to the laboratory for bacteriological examination, while the victims were committed to the Pasteur Institute for prolonged treatment.

By unanimous vote the Common Council ordered all peppers muzzled for sixty days.

At a late hour the situation was thought to be well in hand.

R. B.



ONE ON EVERY SHIP

Here's Lily, a thirty year old ingenue,  
To moth-eaten bromides she clings;  
She looks at the steerage, and then says to you,  
"They hardly look human, poor things!"



ON A LIBERAL ALLOWANCE

His "Governor" sent him abroad for his "vac,"  
He thought he should see other races—  
So the kid saw the "Derby," the "Grand Prix" and such,  
And in fact only hit the high places!

"YOUNG MAN, is it necessary for you to sow your wild oats?"

"Not absolutely, sir, but I think we will all feel better when I get the thing off my mind."

## On Another Bat

THE relapse of the country back into the use of the Roosevelt stimulant has been very disappointing. For weeks after the Chicago convention, the supply of the stimulant was cut off. The times became so tranquil that folks complained that they were dull, and thousands of voters began to fall into the habit of sleeping between meals.

Unexpectedly Mr. Roosevelt, in the seclusion of one of the back counties of New York, made a family address about the expediency of adjusting more luxury and entertainment to farm life.

The country gulped it down as if it were a cocktail in the desert, and folks brightened up. But dullness supervened again until, in the closing days of September, broke out the President's correspondence with Bryan, a supply of the "ould stuff" so ample and potent as to furnish material for a fortnight's long spree.

The effect of this indulgence upon some habituels has been very depressing to watch. The *Sun*, for instance, which had become quite sober and responsible, went down again prostrate in

the anti-Roosevelt gutter, and found awful symptoms in the forecast of the destinies of the country absurdly attributed to Mr. Longworth.

The President planned wisely when he arranged to withdraw to deepest Africa after next March. When a country has habits fixed upon it as ours has, there is nothing for it but absolute separation from the intoxicating compound.

Fakes are pretty nearly at a stand off. On the Taft side there has been the Cleveland letter, and on the Bryan side the Longworth speech.

## A Medical Rake Off

That surgeons divide fees with the family doctor bringing them surgical cases is a well recognized evil. . . . That it is fundamentally wrong and pernicious goes without saying. It is based on commercialism alone. As soon as the public realize that it is deliberately sold by the family doctor—in whom it has full confidence—to the surgeon that allows the largest graft, and that it is not sent to the surgeon best equipped for taking care of the case, the public itself will stop the practice at once.—*Dr. John C. Munroe in a recent address quoted in Canada Lancet.*

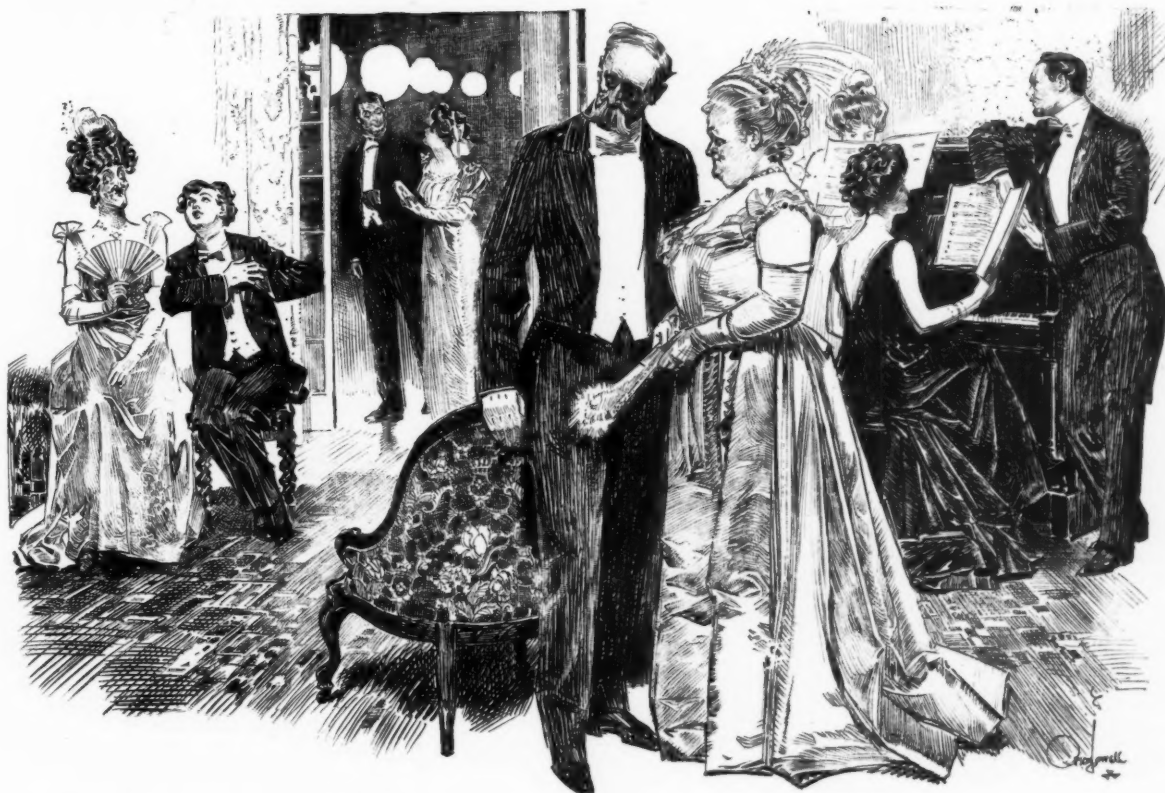
THE surgeon, of course, has not the opportunity to drum up trade that the family physician has. He has to

wait, more or less dependent upon his previous reputation, for cases to be brought to him. No surgeon can afford to starve, in a country where so many cases are going to seed anyway, for want of proper operations, and therefore it follows that some inducement must be offered to the family physician. This inducement is lowered in proportion as the surgeon's reputation increases, the consequence being that the family physician recommends to his patient the most incompetent man, because there is more money in it for him.

The patients seem to "get it" both ways.

## Judging from Sample

I DON'T think the rich are exceptionally happy.  
No? Know many?  
Some.  
Very rich?  
One to five millions!  
Oh, but they lead quite a different life from the really RICH!  
To be sure: but still, don't you think you can tell just as much about the quality of molasses from a hogshhead of it as you can from a shipload?



"SO ALGERNON IS GOING TO DEVOTE HIMSELF TO POETRY?"

"YES, BUT ONLY AFTER A SEASON IN THE BANK. I DON'T WANT THE POOR BOY TO DIE WITHOUT EVEN KNOWING WHAT MONEY FEELS LIKE"

### Knowing It All

**I**F knowledge is power, then we ought to be (as every one knows we are) the strongest folks on earth.

Strange as it may seem, there was a time (we blush to say it) when things were in an experimental stage. Now, however, it remains only to pick up a few tag ends, to rearrange a few unimportant data, and the whole affair is complete.

Spiritualism has been definitely settled by Professor Hyslop and Sir Oliver Lodge. Sir Oliver was a little behind-hand in his discovery that the dead return, but this can easily be attributed to the natural slowness of the British mind, as compared with the American. The fact that Sir Oliver has finally "arrived" is the main point.

If we leave the sphere of the transcendental and descend into every day affairs, the same principle holds good. Languages, by means of the phonograph, can easily be learned, root and branch,

in a week or so. Modern methods of study, through correspondence or otherwise, make it easily possible to absorb an entire literature in a few rainy days. As for making things, every home paper has a department illustrated with easy diagrams, showing how to construct anything one fancies, from an asbestos mouchoir case to a cement bungalow. As for our anatomies, nothing much is concealed, and to run about stark naked will doubtless be the next fad.

The craze for knowing it all seems to have struck the American people good and hard. Even Dr. Lyman Abbott declares we are at last learning all about morality, and that something like a "moral uplift" is coming to us. Personally, we don't know what a "moral uplift" is. On general principles, we should hate to be caught alone with one in a dark alley. But then, you know, we've been knocked down and robbed so many times of late that maybe we are unnaturally timid and nervous.

### Sequence

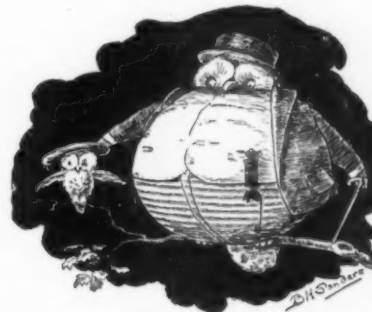
**C**HILD: Suppose I called you a mean old pig, what would happen?

GOVERNESS: I should tell your father, and he would punish you.

CHILD: And if I only thought it.

GOVERNESS: No harm, so long as you don't say it.

CHILD: Then I only think it.



WHO'S WHO





### THE PACKING MAN

What? Would I like to try? Yes, just to show  
That man can understand the art of packing.  
You and the maids work very hard I know;  
It is in method you are sadly lacking.  
Come, empty drawer and shelf,  
And I will gladly stow the things myself.

Garments are folded to the smallest space  
Like this . . . You see I do it in a minute.  
Don't look at it with such a gloomy face.  
What matter half a dozen wrinkles in it?  
For, at the worst, no doubt  
They can be very quickly ironed out.

There, now, 'tis done. It was bad luck I own  
To break that bottle, since it was a present.  
But you exaggerate, my love, cologne  
Is not like paraffin. It's not unpleasant.  
I like the smell. But there!  
The work is finished with two trunks to spare.

I should have used them all? Your frocks are  
spoiled?  
For prejudice, confirmed and unrelenting,  
Give me a woman! Bah, how I have toiled!  
Never again shall I be found consenting  
To menial tasks like these—  
Not though you beg me on your bended knees!  
—London Daily Mail.

# AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

### UNIMPORTANT

Belshazzar saw the writing on the wall.  
"Caused by local issues," he said.  
Herewith he dismissed the matter from his mind.  
—Sun.



A gent of extraction Slavonic,  
When told that he needed a tonic,  
Growing suddenly frisky,  
Cried, "Neverscoffwhiski!"  
Which in Russian is very laconic.

### THE PREACHER'S ADVICE

"My friends," said an itinerant preacher, "the  
Scriptural rule for giving was one-tenth of what a  
man possessed. If you feel you can't afford so much,  
just give a sixth or a fourth, according to your  
means. We will dispense with the next hymn, and  
take up the collection."—Lippincott's.

### THE TAXI PARLEYVOO

There is no more entertaining way to spend an idle  
hour in Paris than to get into a taxicab and instruct  
the driver to go along some street where you will be  
reasonably sure to get into a jam or to bump against  
another cab. The charm of the experience is of course  
enhanced by your ignorance of what the cabbies say.

Should your driver merely graze the wheels of an-  
other cab he will turn on his seat and yell mellif-  
lously at the other driver, who in turn will shout  
back an assortment of vowels. But the best is a  
quarrel between two cabbies obstructing each other's  
way. The conversation, translated as nearly literally  
as is safe, goes in this wise:

"Sacred name! Why do you?"  
"Holly blue! I do not!"  
"Stomach on the ground! You have the face of  
an ox!"  
"Blue stomach! Are you in chains?"  
"A bas! Name of a dog!"  
"Mon Dieu! Name of a pig!"  
"Wow (or words to that effect)! Name of a  
name!"

"A thousand deaths! Name of a name of a name!"  
Now you begin to expect some doings. While you  
have not fully understood, you are satisfied that noth-  
ing but pistols and knives will wipe out the insults.  
Unfortunately, about this time the jam is untangled  
and you are allowed to drive away, but the other  
driver yells after yours:

"Aha! You are a little piece of brown soap!"  
It seems that this expression is the "fighting name"  
in Paris. Were it not that your cabby owes a duty  
to you and must convey you to your destination, you  
know by his facial expression that he would climb  
down and get that other cabby and muss up the city  
with him.

He contents himself with turning about and making  
a face in the direction of his enemy and of going  
through the motion of spitting at him.


Then he says "Yoop!" to the horse and the war  
is over.—Chicago Post.

THEY were looking up at the latest skyscraper.  
"But what are those things sticking out from the  
sides?" asked the up-State friend.

"Those? Oh, those are mile posts!" answered the  
New Yorker.—Judge.

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"I know of nothing more despicable and pathetic than a man who devotes all the waking hours of the day to making money for money's sake"

At last the man about whom everyone is talking tells his own story and something about his early associates—how he and his partners worked together—how many more opportunities there are now for young men than there were twenty years ago—all this and more in the November number of

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Note a few of the bright, spicy, interesting articles included in the November issue:

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The Small Engine and the Motor  
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## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

### CLERICAL ADVICE

A suffragette sneered at Mrs. Humphry Ward's queer logic the other day. "I know the prolix lady was against votes for women," she said. "At a lunch of suffragettes in New York, by means of a parable she pointed out her belief that the immediate home circle, not the distant polling booth or Senate chamber, was the true feminine sphere of usefulness. We didn't applaud, I assure you.

"She said an aged Scot told his minister that he was going to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. "'And whiles I'm theer,' said the pilgrim, complacently, 'I'll read the Ten Commandments aloud frae the top o' Mount Sinai.'

"Saunders," said the minister, 'tak' my advice. Bide at hame and keep them.'—*London Tribune*.

"Your business college for young ladies seems to be all right."

"It is all right."

"Do you give the girls a good practical business training?"

"In reply to that question I can only say that 60 per cent. of our graduates marry their employers the first year."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the South. THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Asheville.

### "I AM NOT SURE, ARE YOU?"

People had such colossal faith in Lincoln that they were willing to stake anything and everything on his honesty.

The very consciousness of his honesty of purpose gave him a tremendous power with court and jury, in illustration of which Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, relates the following story:

Lincoln was engaged to defend a stranger in a Western town, charged with murder. The murder was such a brutal one, and the circumstantial evidence so complete and convincing, that even Lincoln himself, after a most careful investigation, conceded that everything seemed to point to his client's guilt.

He had thought a great deal on the case, he told the men in the jury box, and that, while it seemed probable that his client was guilty, yet he was not sure. With those marvelously honest eyes of his he looked the jury straight in the face and said, "I am not sure. Are you?"

So great was the faith of the jury in Lincoln's honesty that they acquitted the defendant, and the real criminal was afterward convicted and punished.—*Success*.

### In a Pinch use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

### THE SAME FAMILY

An official of the Department of Commerce and Labor, who had been directed by his chief to draw up a summary of the conclusions of certain distinguished authorities on engineering, met with disaster not long ago, when he had occasion to refer to certain statements of Mr. A. R. Colquhoun, the British engineer.

The official had been told that after Mr. Colquhoun's name there should be placed the letters "M. I. C. E." (Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers). "That's easy to remember, the official had said, adopting an easy system of mnemonics. "'M. I. C. E.' spells 'mice.'"

This memory system was of little avail, however, for when the official handed in his summary, the letters after Mr. Colquhoun's name were "R. A. T. S."—*Lippincott's*.

A PHYSICIAN, upon opening the door of his consultation room, asked: "Who has been waiting longest?"

"I have," spoke up the tailor, "I delivered your clothes three weeks ago."—*Argonaut*.

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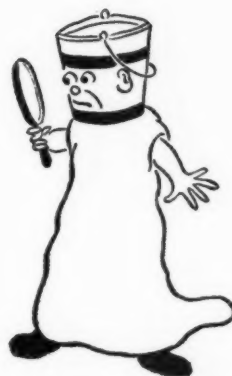
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"MY, BUT I LOOK PALE"

## THE PERIL OF "BUTTIN' IN"

In his address before the students of McGill University, Rudyard Kipling told the following story:

"A certain man owned a dry goods store, and one day, to his great disgust, he heard a new clerk say to a woman:

"No, madam, we have not had any for a long time."

"With a fierce glance at the clerk, the smart employer rushed up to the woman, and said:

"We have plenty in reserve, ma'am; plenty upstairs."

"The lady and clerk looked dazed, and afterward the smart proprietor learned that the clerk's remark had been made in answer to the woman's 'We haven't had any rain lately.'"—Exchange.

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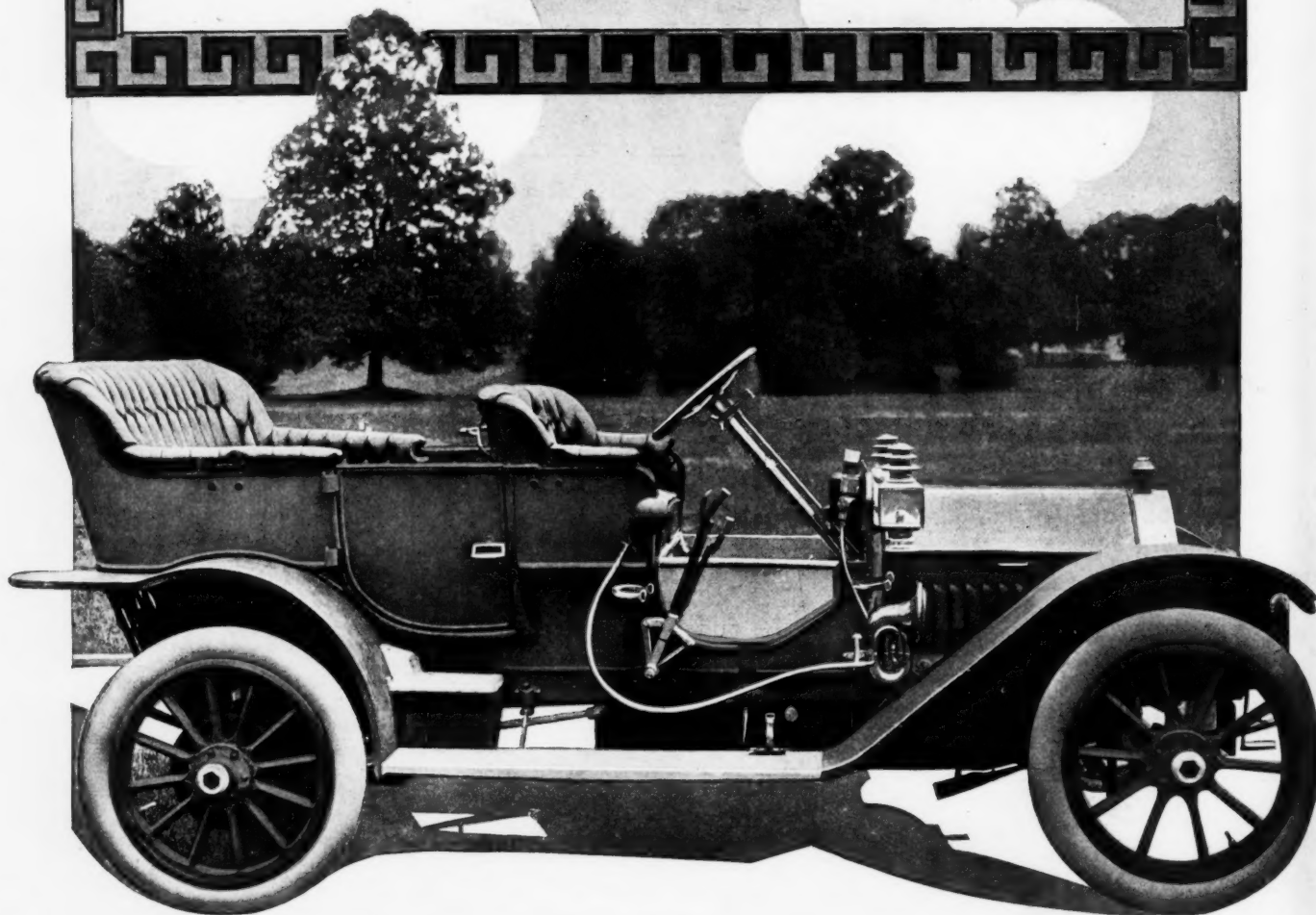
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